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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLVII. CHICAGO, MAY 30, 1901. NUMBER 13

Tower Hill Library Training Class.

MISS EVELYN H. WALKER, a graduate of the Training Class in Library Science of the University of Chicago and Librarian of the Circulating Library of All Souls Church, Chicago, will give a course of twelve lessons in Library Science at the Tower Hill encampment, beginning July 22 and continuing four weeks. The course will be arranged with special reference to the practical needs of Librarians in charge of Sunday School, Public School, and small circulating Libraries, and will include the cataloguing, classification, shelving, charging, and care of books. The hours will be so arranged as not to conflict with the course in literature given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

Terms for the course, $5.00. For terms for board and rooms or tents, send for circular to MRS. EDITH LACKERSTEEN, 3939 Langley Ave., Chicago.

REFERENCES: Mrs. Zella Allen Dixson, University of Chicago, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, 3939 Langley Ave.

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION.

SEVENTH GENERAL SESSION TO BE HELD IN BUFFALO JUNE 26th TO JULY 1st.

THE NEW YORK CONFERENCE OF RELIGION AND THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION COOPERATING.

PROGRAM, SUBJECT TO CHANGE.

PROBLEMS OF RELIGION IN THE NEW CENTURY.

Wednesday, June 26, 8 p. m., OPENING SESSION, *Temple Beth-Zion.*

1. Introductory exercises in charge of Dr. O. P. Gifford, chairman of the local committee who will give the welcome address on behalf of the city of Buffalo.

2. Address of welcome on behalf of the Pan-American Exposition.

3. Five minute greetings by representatives of other American countries, Canada, Mexico, South America, etc.

4. Response by the president of the Congress and opening sermon by Rev. H. W. Thomas, D. D., of Chicago, president of the congress.

Thursday Morning 10 a. m., Church of our Father (Unitarian), Delmar avenue near Huron street; Rev. Adelbert Hudson, pastor.

NEW CENTURY PROBLEMS OF RELIGION IN THE HOME AND SCHOOL.

Addresses by Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, Cambridge, Mass., "The Moral and Religious Life of Young Women;" Miss Ellen Sabin, president of Milwaukee Downer College, Milwaukee "Ethics and Education"; Prof. D. G. Duvall, Wesleyan College, Delaware, O., "Religious Care of the Adolescent"; Rev. Frank O. Hall, of Cambridge, Mass., and others.

Thursday Afternoon, 4 p. m., meeting in the "Tent Evangelist."

PROBLEMS OF RELIGION FOR THE WORLD OF BUSINESS.

Rev. Charles F. Dole, of Boston, "What is Business For"; Prof. J. W. Jenks, Cornell University, "Social Effects of the Concentration of Wealth"; N. O. Nelson, Esq., St. Louis, "Better Homes for the Toilers."

Thursday, 8 p. m., Church of the Messiah, (Universalist), North and Mariner streets; pastor, Rev. L. M. Powers.

PROBLEMS OF RELIGION FOR THE CHURCH.

Addresses by Prof. George William Knox, Union Theological Seminary, N. Y.; Prof. Walter G. Everett, Brown University, Rhode Island; "The Church and the Educated Classes"; Rev. S. R. Calthrop, Syracuse, N. Y., "Experimental Theology and Experimental Religion."

Friday Morning, 10 a. m., Church of Our Father.

PROBLEMS FOR THE CHURCH, continued.

Prof. Orello Cone, Canton Theological School, Canton, N. Y., "The Tendency Toward Agreement of New Testament Scholars"; Rev. J. A. Rondthaler, pastor Fullerton Ave. Presbyterian Church, "The Non-Combative in Religion."

Friday Afternoon, 4 p. m., "Tent Evangelist."

PROBLEMS OF AMUSEMENT.

Addresses by Rev. Merle St. Croix Wright, of New York; R. A. White, of Chicago, and others, "Relation of the Church to Amusements."

Friday Evening, 8 p. m., Delaware Baptist Church, Delmar avenue, near Utica street; pastor, Rev. O. P. Gifford.

RELIGIOUS PROBLEMS FOR THE STATE.

Addresses by Hon. Bird S. Coler, of New York, "Religion in Politics;" Hon. John A. Taylor, of New York, "Religion as a Factor in Citizenship;" Prof. Frank Parsons, Boston Law School, "Religion and Public Ownership," and others.

Saturday, June 29, 10 a. m., Church of Our Father. Sessions in charge of New York Conference of Religion.

Addresses by Prof. William Newton Clarke, D. D., Hamilton, N. Y., "Religion as an Experience"; Rev. William M. Brundage, D. D., Albany, N. Y.; Prof. Nathaniel Schmidt, Cornell University, and Rev. Thomas C. Straus, Peekskill, N. Y., "Biblical Criticism as Promotive of Religion."

Saturday, 4 p. m., "Tent Evangelist." (Programme to be announced.)

Saturday, 8 p. m., place of meeting to be announced; sessions in charge of New York Conference of Religion.

Address by Mr. Frank Moss, New York City, and Rev. William Burnett Wright, D. D., Buffalo, on "The Civic Conscience"; Rev. M. H. Harris, Ph. D., New York City, and Mrs. Samuel E. Eastman, Elmira, N. Y., on "Possibilities of Common Worship."

Sunday, June 30, the Congress speakers will occupy various churches Sunday morning.

Sunday, 7:30 p. m., in the afternoon Peace Conference will be held in the "Tent Evangelist," Dr. E. G. Hirsch, of Chicago, presiding and making the opening address; Benjamin F. Trueblood, secretary of the American Peace Society, "The Golden Rule in Internationalism;" Dr. Smith Baker, of Albany, "Young Men and War," and others.

Monday, July 1.

The Free Religious Association of America is arranging for coordinated sessions for Monday, program for which will be further announced.

PLACES OF MEETING.—The "Church of Our Father" where the morning sessions will be held is a down town church conveniently located to the hotels, boarding houses, rooms. The "Tent Evangelist," the hospitalities of which are extended to the Congress by the proprietor of *The New York Evangelist* is conveniently located on one of the main street car lines, a short distance from the "GATE BEAUTIFUL" of the Pan-American Exposition, and can be conveniently visited by the guests on their way home from a day's study of the exposition or on their way out to an enjoyment of the evening display. The evening meetings will be held in the churches located in the residence districts to better accommodate the citizens of Buffalo.

PLACES OF ENTERTAINMENT.—"The Castle Inn" of which President Fillmore's old homestead is the nucleus will be the Congress' headquarters where officers of the Congress may be found. It is situated on Niagara Square and Delaware Ave. Terms $3 per day, American plan, two in a room. Rooms can be secured in the neighborhood or in desirable parts of the city at $1 per day. The secretary of the local committee, Rev. Burris A. Jenkins, 325 Bryant St., Buffalo, will engage such rooms as may be applied for by mail beforehand.

RAILROADS.—All the great railway systems will be carrying passengers at that time on special rates to Buffalo. For particulars inquire of your local agents.

For further particulars consult revised and enlarged issues of this program in succeeding issues of "Unity."

LOCAL COMMITTEE.—Rev. O. P. Gifford, D.D., Chairman, Delaware Ave. Baptist Church; Rev. Adelbert Hudson, Church of Our Father (Unitarian); Rev. L. M. Powers, Church of the Messiah (Universalist); Rev. Israel Aaron, D.D., Beth-Zion Temple; Rev. Chas. E. Locke, D.D., Delaware Ave. M. E. Church; Rev. Chas. E. Rhodes, Park Presbyterian Church; Rev. Burris A Jenkins, Secretary, Richmond Ave. Church of Christ (Disciples).

COOPERATING COMMITTEE OF THE NEW YORK CONFERENCE.—Rev. S. Leighton Williams, Secretary; Rev. T. R. Slicer, All Souls Church, New York; Mr. J. M. Whiton, Ph. D., "The Outlook," New York.

COOPERATING COMMITTEE OF THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION.—Lewis G. Janes, President; T. W. Higginson, Vice-President; Edwin D. Mead.

Any subscription to the funds of the Congress to help carry out this program will be gratefully received. Correspondence solicited.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES, Secretary,
3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

UNITY

VOLUME XLVII. THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1901. NUMBER 13

The recent discussion and vote on the creed question by the general assembly of the Presbyterians at Philadelphia does not interest outsiders very much and we suspect that within the church the interest is not very exciting, because a large percentage of the Presbyterians has outgrown the agitations of their own body.

From our exchanges we learn that the attendance at the Western Unitarian Anniversaries was gratifying and that the conference has freed itself from the incubus of arrearages which had been fettering it for several years past. The opening sermon was preached by Rev. S. A. Eliot, president of the American Unitarian Association. Revs. Simons of Cleveland, Boyington of St. Paul, Ramsey of Kansas City and Pulsford of Chicago, represented the young life that has recently come into the Congress from the eastward. Mr. Southworth's report showed him to be a secretary with nerve and vitality.

The First Congregational Church of Chicago celebrated its fiftieth anniversary this week. It was a jubilee of much significance and Prof. Graham Taylor, of the Chicago Commons, showed how the First Church should become not only the historic representative of Congregationalism in the West, but the active headquarters of the Congregationalism of today. He would have it become the center of a city evangelism with many branches and numerous activities determined to redeem the community of which it is almost the geographical center, a territory which he called one of the most hopeless in the city. Other speakers spoke in the same strain and there was something startling in the obvious claim that such a church must not confine its ministrations to the educated and prosperous classes only, which is too much the case with all the First churches of Chicago, unless it be the First Methodist Church. It alone has stood by its guns and holds to its first territory however men may come and men may go.

No more surely does the "Soul of John Brown go marching on" than does the spirit of Theodore Parker. His vital ministry is still throbbing with life in a thousands pulpits. He has had no one successor because he has had so many. It has often been urged as evidence of the weakness of his position that the society he established in Boston has had but a fitful life since his death. But even this reproach, which has never had much significance, may be removed. The Parker Memorial, a noble building in Boston, which has been in charge of the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches in that city for many years, has recently asked the Rev. C. W. Wendte to take charge of its activities and to direct its ministry. Mr. Wendte is now in Europe attending an international conference of Unitarians, but it is hoped that on his return next autumn that he will take up the work for which his experience has admirably fitted him. In Chicago, Cincinnati, Newport and California, he has shown his fitness to organize church activities on many lines. With such a tradition behind him, such a band of supporters around him and such great work before him, the name of Theodore Parker will find again new luster in the city which he so illuminated.

Detroit has been passing through a little theological storm. The evangelical ministers have perfected "The Federation of the Detroit Churches." They had it their own way and on that account the thorough discussion of the question as to whether the so-called liberal ministers and their churches should be included was the more significant. These "liberal churches" represented the Jewish, Unitarian and Universalist churches, and there was no attempt to include the Catholic churches on the other side. The decision for the time being seems to leave these churches outside, but a correspondent in the *Universalist Leader* says: "As the matter now stands the feeling is that there is no future for the Federation on its present plan. Some say it will die because of its narrowness and others say it will broaden its plan so that it will admit all religious bodies." In Chicago last winter a "Federation of Religious Workers" was planned and the organization effected which without debate reached from the Catholic Church, if they choose to accept the invitation, to Mr. Salter, of the Ethical Culture Society, but it is fair to say that this breadth of the Chicago scheme seems for the present to paralyze its activities as the narrowness of the Detroit organization is suspected of doing. Perhaps it would have been better for Chicago if a discussion had been precipitated, but one thing is clear, that the tardy action at Detroit or at Chicago must eventually give way and the solution in both cases will be the glad co-operation of all concerning the things held in common by all and an equally glad action in severalty concerning the things about which they differ. The lines of differentiation between the ministers and the churches seem serious in moments of theological debate, but they become insignificant in the face of civic disgraces, ethical necessities and spiritual exaltation.

It is very gratifying to note the favorable report which the New York City and Suburban Homes Company was able to make at its recent annual meeting. This company has upward of two million dollars invested in model tenements and four per cent dividends have just been ordered paid on all stock invested. The loss from bad debts ranges less than one-half of one per cent. This is a business demonstration of the oft quoted maxim "that the poor people do not need char-

ity but justice." Perhaps even this percentage takes into account an extravagant estimate of ground values. One of the sociological dead-locks in our great cities is traceable directly to the speculative values placed upon urban real estate. That black belt some two miles in width that separates the business center of Chicago from the desirable residence portion is largely reduced to its present deplorable condition by the prohibitory real estate values placed upon it. It is made too expensive either for legitimate manufactures or for decent residences. Said Miss Jane Addams in a recent conversation with the writer: "All of our improvements and a large part of our work is made possible by the fact that we have a fifty-year free lease on the lands we occupy. If we had to pay for the land or its equivalent in rent we would have to give it up." Chicago, like every other city, is teeming with benign schemes of small parks, gymnasiums, model tenement houses, working men's and working women's hotels, museums and public libraries, if there was only some place to put them. This is why the little strip of open land which the city has painfully reclaimed from the lake is watched with such covetous eyes by the promoters of these many schemes. There are constitutional provisions for the condemnation of private lands for public good when highways, school sites and similar accommodations are needed. Who will show us how we may rescue the land, God's contribution to the city, from the speculative grasp of private owners who exercise their full legal right in ignoring all public claims and civic interests in the lands they call their own.

Congress Notes.

As was expected, the program published on the second page of our last issue reappears this week with various additions and readjustments. The subject of Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer's address will be on "The Moral and Religious Life of Young Women," but inasmuch as she cannot arrive in Buffalo until Friday morning, it will be necessary to put her address on Friday afternoon, when Mr. Wright of New York will speak on "Some Phases of the Theater Problem," and Rev. R. A. White of Chicago on "The Relation of the Church to Amusements." It is probable that Dr. Smith Baker's paper on "Young Men and War" will fit better into the afternoon or evening session which will be held on Sunday. But the "Tent Evangelist" at four o'clock in the afternoon we find is already pre-empted by another organization, so the Peace Meeting will be held in the tent. This is a change that will probably secure a much larger attendance. Rev. J. A. Rondthaler, of Chicago, will speak on "The Non-Combative in Religion." The topic of Hon. Bird S. Coler will be "Religion in Politics," which we suspect is a better thing than "Politics in Religion," and the topic of Hon. John A. Taylor of New York will be "Religion as a Factor in City Life."

Among the many topics of absorbing interest noted in the program of the Buffalo Congress there are none of more significance than the address of Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer upon "The Moral and Religious Training of Girls," and that by Prof. Duvall, of Wesleyan College, on "The Religious Care of the Adolescent." In the religious as in other educational fields the education of the young is too often identified with the education of children, the importance of the ethical and spiritual training of the child up to the age of twelve years cannot be overestimated, but the importance of such training for the next twelve years is still more important. Many a boy and girl reach twelve years of age with their religious natures sweet, sensitive, earnest, to find the same nature rendered flippant, blasé, if not hardened and defiant during the next twelve years. Who will give the fathers and mothers sufficient wisdom to keep their boys and girls normally reverent and holy during these critical years? One element in the answer alone can be confidently stated, viz.: That fathers and mothers should themselves tread in the way that they would have their children go.

Professor Knox, of the Union Theological Seminary, will send out his topic later.

Since our last issue the General Secretary has sent out several hundred of the programs with other enclosures to ministers of various denominations soliciting their co-operation, not simply in a personal way, but if possible through their churches. Nothing would more strengthen the cause which the Congress represents than for fifty or one hundred societies, acting under the advice and through their ministers, to contribute the minimum fee of ten dollars that will express their sympathy and enroll them as delegate members of the Congress, even though circumstances may not permit the attendance of delegates, such a list published would go far toward expressing the real spirit of the Congress, and demonstrating the good will that is possible, aye, the good will that now exists between churches wearing different labels. It would be the most effective way of disarming the apprehensions concerning the Congress that it has some fell purpose of disintegrating existing churches or of interfering with the autonomy or the propaganda of the denominations. That the Congress does have a tendency to minimize the antagonisms between the denominations doubtless is true. That it will to a degree chill that propaganda, too often called "missionary work," that is inspired by rivalry and is chiefly occupied with the errors of the other denominations, proving what things are not true in the religion of other people, but such a propaganda is necessarily short-lived and narrow in its range at best.

On the other hand, the missionary work in the interest of righteousness, a propaganda of peace and virtue, the advancement of the religion that seeks to save communities as well as individuals, elevate public as well as private morals, will find in the Congress great help. The workers in this field will be inspired to find that those who may wear different labels are standing shoulder to shoulder facing the same foes and carrying aloft the same banner of personal righteousness, social co-operation, religious love and loyalty.

We hope that every minister settled over a society reading this editorial will interpret it as a personal appeal and will ask themselves seriously, "Why not ask my church to show their sympathy in this direction." In these prosperous times a minimum collection of $10

would seem to be available in many parishes if the minister believes it worth while and believing dares to communicate his faith. The ministerial hesitation to ask for money for a righteous cause deserves some weaker and poorer plea than modesty or sympathy with his impoverished constituents. Few preachers have weakened their position by giving their people opportunity to do their duty. Few churches have been paralyzed by too much giving. We have yet to learn of either ministry or parish who have been ruined by excesses in these directions.

Brother minister, the Congress needs you, and this appeal is to you. The General Secretary will be glad to send you subscription blanks for distribution in your pews the Sunday you ask for a collection and in any other way help along our common cause.

A Memorial of Heroism.

War may be "hell." It probably is. We do not praise war or hold it to be the divinest instrument in civilzation making when we contend that our civil war of the sixties has the justification of history and of conscience. Its effects, and the inspirations of its sacrifices and heroisms are still with us. As each Memorial Day draws near the Angel of Peace opens anew the red pages and bids us read for ourselves and our children the inspiring story. Woe to that nation which forgets the men who served it in its times of stress and danger or permits the virile inspiration of their deeds to pale in the sordid light of mere commercial successes.

What were some of the things the civil war did for this nation? First, it revealed the loyalty of the North to our national idea. Two million six hundred thousand men in our northern states left plow and loom, places of learning and of trade, and went down into the maelstrom of battle, the loneliness of the camp, the grim sufferings of the hospitals to preserve the Union. History nowhere else records such a mighty gathering of men in defense of an idea.

Second, it recorded a story of sacrifice without parallel. The Angel of War, dipping its pen in rivers of blood, traced a tale which still stirs the American blood and conscience and nerves its high resolves. Nearly three hundred thousand northern soldiers perished that the twentieth century might dawn upon an undissevered nation, nor need to blush at Southern slave shambles. Waterloo, upon which the fate of Europe hinged, lost fifty-one thousand men from three great armies engaged. Sherman left thirty-seven thousand northern soldiers between Chattanooga and Atlanta and Grant lost sixty thousand men in the wilderness. The Light Brigade lost thirty-seven per cent of its roster at Balaklava, but the First Minnesota lost eighty-two per cent at Gettysburg. Our recent losses in our war with Spain and in the Philippines aggregate some thousand perhaps, but Shiloh cost us thirteen thousand, Gettysburg 23,000, and Spotsylvania 35,000 men. If blood be the price of progress, then our nation paid the bill in full.

Third, the civil war revealed the reserve fund of courage and heroism of the nation, ever a source of pride and safety. Recall the desperate siege at Vicksburg, the carnage among the clouds at Lookout, the charge of Thomas at Missionary Ridge, the flame swathed vessels of Farragut at Orleans and Mobile, the march to the sea, Sheridan's ride at Winchester, and the tragedy of the Wilderness. Thirty-five years and more have not dimmed the luster of those deeds of daring.

Fourth, the war gave the nation an heritage of great men. It gave us heroes to worship and hero worship is the sign and signature of a great and appreciative people. It gave us fighting Joe Hooker, Thomas and Sheridan, Mead and Sherman, men with hearts of fire and nerves of steel. It gave us the man with silent lips but with will of adamant, but whose heart was as soft as his will was inflexible, the man who said to a conquered foe at Appomattox: "Keep your horses, you will need them for the farms," and refused to subject that foe to the humiliation of a military surrender; the man who ranks with the greatest and most generous of commanders, U. S. Grant.

The war gave us the man whose straight, thin form was like unto our forest pines, whose nature was as rugged as our granite mountains, whose soul was as white as the snow that turbans Shasta's summit, the adopted son of Illinois, now the immortal son of the nation, Abraham Lincoln.

But a great struggle must be justified by deeds, by things accomplished. War might reveal rare national courage and produce great men, but fail of its object. But the men of the sixties, living or dead, whose deeds the nation remembers anew, wrought great results. What did the men of the sixties do? They rebuked the men who joined in the slave hunt in the shadow of Bunker Hill. They broke the shackles of four million slaves. They swept the blush of shame from the face of a nation that lifted the banner of freedom high with one hand and fastened the gyves of slavery with the other. They silenced the crack of the slave driver's whip, they gagged the mouths of bloodhounds baying on the trail of fugitive slaves; they set four million dusky faces toward the dawn, and let the sunlight of hope into the hopelessness of four million souls. Our supreme court had said "a slave is property," the men of the sixties put the ballot into his hand and made him a man. Was this not enough? Yes, but they did more.

They gave the South new life, and set her in the way of a new and better future. Education and commerce thrive anew under the hand of free labor. Slave labor in 1860 produced four and one-half million bales of cotton. Free labor in 1890 produced seven and one-half million bales. The cotton factory is moving from the Merrimac to the Chattahoochee and the Savannah. Factories are humming, her forests are being converted into wealth, labor has become honorable. The South herself to-day rejoices in the new conditions made possible by the fortunes of the war. They of the South were and are a brave people, blood of our blood and bone of our bone. We of the North rejoice in their prosperity.

What did these boys in blue give us in the sixties? They gave a united nation. Slavery and states rights, for a half century causes of friction between North and South, were burned away in the fires of the civil war. They effaced forever Mason and Dixon's line.

What the South divorced they married again at the altars of battle. What has thus been joined together let circumstances never again put asunder.

All this the war did. All this the citizen soldier of the sixties wrought for this land. We do them honor, we, their sons and daughters. Into the inheritance of their valor we enter.

To this generation descends the task of maintaining what they achieved. Days of peace have their dangers no less than days of war. Political partisanship, private greed, organized selfishness in forms of labor or capital, constitute grave dangers to our nation. None may deny it. Our tasks are mighty. It is well for us in the midst of our commercial sordidness, our love of the dollars, to recall what a price in life and agony this nation paid forty years ago. We much need the baptism of that memory. Honesty is business purity in social life, patriotism above partisanship, love of country above love of gold. These are alone the virtues which make a nation strong. The practice of these alone can maintain what the war accomplished.

The days of the civil war recede with the fast flying years. Grain waves over southern battlefields. The ivy twines around the bullet pierced walls and the battle scarred forests of the South. Nature hastens to obliterate all signs of the war. A new love and confidence has sprung up between North and South. Onward the nation moves to new destinies. Great forces are at work shaping the nation to new ways and thrusting upon her new problems. But no destiny can efface the memory of the men who fought the battles for union and freedom forty years ago. We have more recent graves to garland. El Caney and San Juan had its victims and the grim list of the dead swells each month in the Philippines. These, too, deserve a tribute from the nation which sent them on this mission of death. But intervening events cannot dim the luster of the heroisms of the sixties. Wherever poet sings of heroism, or eloquence pays tribute to patriotism, there wil be named the name of the boys in blue. Our children's children will hear the story and thrill with its braveries and weep over its pathos, and while memory lasts and men admire heroism and courage expended in a high and holy cause will abide the memory of the men who preserved us a nation.

R. A. White.

GOOD POETRY.

This column will for awhile present in the issues of each month the work of one poet, giving the work of the younger men where it is worthy.—Eds.

HELEN FISKE JACKSON.

Born at Amherst, Mass., October 18, 1831. Died at San Francisco, Cal., August 12, 1885. She was educated at Ipswich, Mass. In 1852 she married Captain Edward Hunt, of the United States army, who died in 1863. In 1875 she became the wife of William S. Jackson, a banker, of Colorado Springs. She published the following works: "Verses by H. H.," in 1870; "Sonnets and Lyrics," in 1876; "Mercy Philbrick's Choice," in 1876; "Hetty's Strange History," in 1877; "A Century of Dishonor," in 1881; "Ramona," in 1884.

Burnt Ships.

O Love, sweet Love, who came with rosy sail
And foaming prow across the misty sea!
O Love, brave Love, whose faith was full and free
That lands of sun and gold, which could not fail,
Lay in the west, that bloom no wintry gale
Could blight, and eyes whose love thine own should be,
Called thee, with steadfast voice of prophecy,
To shores unknown!
O Love, poor Love, avail
Thee nothing now thy faith, thy braveries;
There is no sun, no bloom; a cold wind strips
The bitter foam from off the wave where dips
No more thy prow; the eyes are hostile eyes;
The gold is hidden; vain thy tears and cries;
O Love, poor Love, why did'st thou burn thy ships?

Habeas Corpus.

My body, eh? Friend Death, how now?
Why all this tedious pomp of writ?
Thou hast reclaimed it sure and slow.
For half a century bit by bit.

In faith thou knowest more today,
Than I do, where it can be found!
This shriveled lump of suffering clay,
To which I now am chained and bound,

Has not of kith or kin a trace
To the good body once I bore;
Look at this shrunken, ghastly face:
Didst ever see that face before?

Ah, well, friend Death, good friend thou art;
Thy only fault thy lagging gait,
Mistaken pity in thy heart
For timorous ones that bid thee wait.

Do quickly all thou hast to do,
Nor I nor mine will hindrance make;
I shall be free when thou art through;
I grudge thee naught that thou must take!

Stay! I have lied; I grudge thee one,
Yes, two I grudge thee at this last—
Two members which have faithful done
My will and bidding in the past.

I grudge thee this right hand of mine;
I grudge thee this quick-beating heart;
They never gave me coward sign,
Nor played me once a traitor's part.

I see now why in olden days
Men in barbaric love or hate
Nailed enemies' hands at wild crossways,
Shrined leaders' hearts in costly state:

The symbol, sign, and instrument
Of each soul's purpose, passion, strife,
Of fires in which are poured and spent
Their all of love, their all of life.

O feeble, mighty human hand!
O fragile, dauntless human heart!
The universe holds nothing planned
With such sublime, transcendent art!

Yes, Death, I own I grudge thee mine
Poor little hand, so feeble now;
Its wrinkled palm, its altered line,
Its veins so pallid and so slow—
. . . . . .
Ah, well, friend Death, good friend thou art;
I shall be free when thou art through.
Take all there is—take hand and heart;
There must be somewhere work to do.

THE PULPIT.

Phillips Brooks: An Appreciation.

A Sermon Preached in Unity Church, St. Paul, Minn., Sunday, April 28, 1901.

BY RICHARD W. BOYNTON.

"And he that had received the five talents came and brought other five talents, saying, Lord, thou deliveredst unto me five talents: lo, I have gained other five talents. His lord said unto him, Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will set thee over many things; enter then into the joy of thy lord."—Matthew 25:20, 21.

It is now a little more than eight years since a sudden shock of grief came to countless men and women —not alone here in America, but almost wherever the English language is spoken—at the news that Phillips Brooks was dead. With the great outburst of sorrow that then found expression there began that flood of loving tributes to his memory which still continues to flow whenever two or three meet together who ever came within the magic circle of his influence. A great number of sermons have been preached and articles written, and one or two books about him have appeared to testify to the still unfailing interest in his remarkable personality, yet the hunger of those who knew him, however slightly, for more light upon the sources of his power does not abate. It is no satisfaction merely to have him ranked, after our modern habit, as the greatest preacher of his century, though probably he deserves that distinction. What men want to know is the special quality of the genius that fitted him to wield an influence wholly unique in these later years, and which no man since his death has even approached. The power of Phillips Brooks was so distinctly personal, it so filled everything he said and did, and it so projects itself even now from the pages of his published writings; it was so intimate and spiritual, it so bored into the recesses of the souls before him and opened within them possibilities of thought and feeling undreamed of before; it was so divine, concealing the man behind his message, and leading the hearer direct to God the Father, through the truth which issued from the preacher's lips; this power was so universal, reaching and molding the men and women of all sorts and conditions who made up his congregations, that people never tire of hearing it described and of seeking to analyze it into its component elements. The world has waited long for the authoritative biography of the great preacher, from which some fuller knowledge of his deeper nature than it had hitherto possessed might be gained. The appearance during the past winter of this biography has been the cause of a revived interest in his personality and his work. The task of preparing it was intrusted originally to the Rev. Arthur Brooks, of New York City, a younger brother of Phillips Brooks. His sudden death in the summer of 1895 is given as the principal reason for the delay in its publication. The materials for the life were transferred into the hands of Professor A. V. G. Allen, of the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge, Mass. This involved a delay of two years, while Professor Allen was engaged with other special work; and its progress has been still further hindered by the author's constant occupation as a teacher of theology while he has been producing this masterly biography. The delay, however, has undoubtedly enlarged the scope and enhanced the value of the work, so that the "Life and Letters" which we owe to Professor Allen's great industry and loving care, as well as to his more than loving insight into and sympathy for his subject, stands forth as a wholly adequate memorial to Phillips Brooks. In size and shape it suggests at first sight the man's own towering height and corresponding portliness. It is in two octavo volumes, one of 650 and the other of 950 pages, taking up a little over four solid inches of one's book-shelf room. The print is clear, though not large. In fact, the greater part of both volumes is printed in a smaller size of type than the main substance of the chapters, which greatly increases the amount of their contents. I have somewhere seen the statement, for whose truth I cannot vouch, that the biography is about as long as the whole English Bible. It is not easy, as a reviewer has suggested, to see how any of the vast store of materials which Professor Allen has used could well be spared from the narrative. But the readers are few, comparatively, who can follow any single life, however commanding in its interest, through so many hours stolen from our busy days. So it seems almost certain that a shorter biography will soon be written, based perhaps upon this completer one. In any case, I believe that you will be glad to have me give here some of the impressions which have come to me from the recent companionship of this man whom some of you must have known, and to have me add such touches as I can from my own very slight knowledge of him.

Phillips Brooks was for thirty-two years a minister and for about fifteen months a bishop of the Protestant Episcopal church. He was born in Boston, December 13, 1835, of a noble and significant ancestry, reaching back through both father and mother to the early colonial days of New England. He was educated at the Boston Latin School and at Harvard College; studied for three years at the theological seminary of the Protestant Episcopal church in Alexandria, Va.; was minister of two churches in succession in Philadelphia, where he remained for ten years; and then returned to the place of his birth to spend the rest of his life as minister of Trinity Church, Boston, and as bishop of the diocese of Massachusetts.

His life had in it but little of dramatic interest. He achieved a remarkable success at the very beginning of his career and this went on broadening and deepening like a mighty river with ever increasing tributaries until the end. It was a success almost wholly confined to the pulpit and the ministrations which people came to demand of one whose utterance had reached and roused their souls. Phillips Brooks never married. But he was one of a most charming family group, three of his four brothers following him into the ministry of the Episcopal church. There were no sisters. As life went on he gathered around him out of the host of souls to whom he freely gave himself, a choice circle of friends, both men and women, in whom he found the full sympathy and comprehension which his rich nature craved. In spite of these, however, and of the thronging thousands who hung upon his lips, his later years were a little lonely—almost sad. He found his greatest rest in travel, when his nature relaxed, and he gave himself with a boyish exuberance to the scenes amid which he went. Many times he journeyed to Europe and over certain parts of England and the continent, until they became to him like home. Three times he extended his wanderings, once to Palestine and Egypt, once again to India, and later still to Japan. But his outward life was on the whole quiet and undisturbed by special incident. It was simply that of a consecrated parish minister, fulfilling faithfully the duties that came to him from day to day. Its surprising interest for us lies in the large way in which he filled his place in the world, in his depth of heart and breadth of noble manhood, in the clearness of his vision of spiritual reality, and in the power and grace with which he related the truth he saw to the lives waiting around him to receive its inspiration.

In his youth Phillips Brooks showed no special promise of his coming greatness. He was studious and thoughtful, but a wholly natural boy and young man. He early exhibited, perhaps on account of the drain upon his system of his rapid growth, a disinclination to physical exercise, which followed him through life and perhaps shortened his days. As a college student his tastes were in the direction of languages and literature, while he could make little of mathematics. He left college with the intention of becoming a teacher. Professor Allen assures us that there is no truth in the familiar story that he was advised not to try preaching on account of a defect in his utterance, which he later overcame by the extreme rapidity of speech that was one of his marked characteristics. He had no such defect, but spoke rapidly because of the naturally swift movement of his mind. Phillips Brooks' attempt to become a teacher and his failure to do so left permanent traces in his after life. He received an appointment as usher in the Boston Latin School, of which he was a graduate. The master put the young man but just out of college in charge of a class of unruly boys not many years younger than himself, whom three more experienced teachers had already failed to conquer. After a heroic effort, he gave up the impossible task and with a mingling of discouragement and hope, both alike kept hidden from all who knew him, he left home with a bare announcement of his purpose to begin studying for the ministry. In his mature life Phillips Brooks' interest in education and his ability to help and inspire the students in our American colleges for both men and women was very great. What he might have become as a teacher it is impossible to say, but one cannot resist the conviction that even if he had met with success from the first, sooner or later the pulpit, where instruction is combined with inspiration and made to cover no single phase, but the whole course of our human life, would have claimed him for its own.

His manner of entering the ministry showed the man's deep reserve concerning whatever most closely touched himself. This quality was marked throughout his career. In the presence of a congregation, under the thin veil of an illustration or an impersonal allusion to some phase of human experience, he would frequently lay bare the very recesses of his soul. His printed sermons and lectures are filled with this kind of spiritual autobiography for one who knows how to read them. But he never talked directly about his own deeper life, or, if so, it was a rare exception. His mother, whose influence over him added to the power of her inheritance within him was one of the strongest forces in his nature, scarcely knew what he meant to do when he left home to enter the seminary. More remarkable still, reared in a strongly evangelical atmosphere in church and home, the young student for the ministry had never confessed to that change of heart which is conventionally supposed to go with a purpose to dedicate oneself to the religious life. He was proposing to become a minister of the Episcopal church before he had been confirmed into its membership. Here again we may see illustrated a tendency that only grew stronger as he developed further. It is his capacity, which in time became one of the striking traits of his character, to pierce through the outward coverings of things into their essential nature. Another trait accompanied this—his passionate clinging to the perfect freedom of his manhood. He was afraid, as he looked forward to the Christian ministry, that it would somehow cramp and bind his soul, and make him less completely a man than he might otherwise become. So at first he did not fully commit himself. In the end he conformed to the requirements of his church and sought admission into its communion. Throughout his years as a preacher he was a faithful servant of the Episcopal church and dearly loved it. But he never ceased to hold his personal freedom and his sense of the essential truth, which lives under manifold differences of expression, to be higher than the mandates of a merely human and fallible institution. Rather, perhaps, we ought to say that he sought, not altogether successfully, to bring the church he served up to his own ideal of complete liberty and charity and inclusive sympathy for all mankind. We might linger with much profit over Phillips Brooks' three years at Alexandria. He found the intellectual standard of the seminary to be far below that to which he had been accustomed at Harvard. At first his spirit chafed under the contrast, but it was a most fortunate circumstance in that it drove him back upon himself for guidance according to the dictates of his fast maturing mind. Professor Allen, as a wise teacher of young men about to enter the ministry, has given full importance to these decisive years. The second one in particular was a time of marvelous ripening and productiveness. The student, while going on in the work of his classes, was giving himself a training far more significant in its after effects than anything he received from his teachers. He was reading some of the great books of the world in their original languages and steeping himself in their thought. Chiefly the Bible, but after that the Greek tragedies, the works of the early Christian fathers, and the writings of later philosophers, historians and poets, were speaking to his soul and molding it. The preacher that he so soon became now began unmistakably to show himself. He kept a series of note-books, in which he wrote down the thoughts that crowded his mind. In maturity of conception, in penetration of insight, and in power and beauty of expression the extracts from these note-books with which his biographer fills many pages will compare favorably with anything he afterward produced. It was with him as it has been with so many men of the rarest endowments. He came suddenly to himself, with such a fullness of power that he never rose to greater heights, though he kept on broadening to the end. As when a century plant, after years of imperceptible growth, at length sends up, as it were in a night, its perfect crown of blossoms, so this great genius came to full power almost in an instant of time; only, unlike the blossom of the plant, which soon decays, his imperishable influence and immortal soul is still going on to bless this world, and whatever world he lives in, forever.

The call to a pulpit came to Phillips Brooks some weeks before he finished his theological course. One of his sermons while in the seminary had been heard by a gentleman connected with the Church of the Advent in Philadelphia, then without a rector, and the call was immediately issued and accepted. Here began, in the summer of the year 1859, when he was twenty-three years of age, the triumphant ministry of Phillips Brooks. While so young, he had already reached his full stature of some inches over six feet, though the years soon filled in the outlines of his form with that stoutness which later made him one of the most imposing of pulpit figures. The marvelous charm of his style, though his sermons seemed uttered in a breathless haste that caught up his hearers like a whirlwind and dropped them tired, a little bewildered, but mightily stirred and kindled, at the end—this was all his from the beginning. The church of the Advent before many weeks was crowded to the doors, morning and evening. Philadelphia, in those days, was a place where people went to church if there was anything to be heard. But the preacher whom we are now following scarcely knew what it was to see an empty seat. No building was too large, in his later years, to hold the throngs who sought to hear him—not Trinity Church in Boston, not Westminster Abbey, or even

the huge St. Paul's in London itself. Naturally such a man could not long be left to the small and comparatively obscure congregation that had discovered him. Not quite two years had passed when the removal of the Rev. Dr. Vinton—the boyhood pastor and life-long counsellor of Phillips Brooks—from the prominent church of the Holy Trinity in Philadelphia to New York City, resulted in an enthusiastic call from the larger church to the rector of the Church of the Advent, and this, amid the sincere mourning of his first faithful people, he accepted. The civil war had already broken out, and in taking up the duties of his new parish Phillips Brooks also entered upon one of the most striking and successful phases of his brilliant career—that in which he stood forth, although a young man of less than thirty, as one of the accepted leaders in the city of Philadelphia, of the loyal sentiment which strove so valiantly, and at length so successfully, to hold the Union together and to free the slave.

One needs to realize the timid, not to say cowardly, attitude of a large part of the Episcopal church during the civil war,—in which, indeed, it was not alone,—to understand the manliness of this young and popular rector of the most fashionable church of a conservative city like Philadelphia in preaching anti-slavery from his pulpit early in the struggle, in appearing upon public platforms with men of all creeds to hold up the hands of the president, and in personally championing the right of the negroes of Philadelphia to ride in the street-cars—a right that, owing largely to his efforts, was finally secured to them. At this period of his life Phillips Brooks came nearer to being a social and political reformer than at any later time. The intense emotions kindled by the war stirred him as they did all lesser men. He reached a height of power in public speech during this crisis which he probably never surpassed. His sermon on Abraham Lincoln, preached while the dead body of the president was lying in Philadelphia, is one of the classics of the American pulpit, and one of the greatest utterances of that greatest of periods in our history. His prayer at the commemoration day at Harvard for the students and graduates who had died in the war survives only as a wonderful memory, no report of it having been made. But it impressed those who heard it more even at the moment than did Lowell's "Commemoration Ode." It introduced the young preacher to New England, to that New England from which his life had sprung and which from that hour was never content until she could cherish him as her own.

Phillips Brooks was called to Trinity Church, Boston, in the summer of 1868, when he was thirty-two years of age. It was not the first time he had been tempted to leave his church in Philadelphia. Four years before he had been greatly inclined to follow the studious bent which was still strong within him and accept a professorship of ecclesiastical history in the newly established seminary of the Protestant Episcopal church in Philadelphia. His biographer seems almost to regret that he could not have given himself to scholarly research, for the enriching of the world's knowledge of Christianity and the exalting and purifying of its theological conceptions. But he resisted the temptation, which for a time was a very real one, to forsake the pulpit for this congenial work. The first call to Boston he also declined. But it was renewed a year later, and this time it was accepted, to the great joy of his father and mother, who were now to become his parishioners, as well as of Trinity Church in general.

It is Phillips Brooks's more than twenty years ministry to this noble Boston parish that has given him his great fame in the world, and it is partly because the successes of his earlier career have been somewhat obscured in consequence that I have especially dwelt upon them. They established him among the leaders not alone in his own church, but in the pulpit of America. They lifted him into recognition as an inspired and prophetic soul. From now on until the end, success was his in ever-growing measure, until the possibility of greater fame and admiration seemed to have been exhausted. The storm and stress of the great years of the war gave place to a time of quieter work and less exciting demands. Phillips Brooks became again, what he had really never ceased to be, a parish minister. In the weekly preparation for the utterance of his message to the congregation which grew up around him, and in the steadily thickening web of duties which his power as a minister to souls now wove about him; in this he found his ample service and his more than ample reward. It might well seem to a reader of his "Life" that these later quieter years were less brilliant in quality and less notable in achievement than those which preceded them. And we wonder what Phillips Brooks might have become, if he had gone on developing as a social reformer after the manner of Theodore Parker, or if he had given himself to the enunciation of a system of reformed theology, like Channing. Both possibilities slumbered within him. But as we follow him on, it comes to us that he was born to realize a different, though surely not a lower, ideal. He did not become a reformer either of social life or of religious thought because it was not in his nature to turn aside from the work he was doing as an inspirer and lifter of human life in its entirety. Like Jesus, he came that men might have life, and might have it abundantly. He was conspicuously a life-giver. That is, he sought instinctively to mold men rather than ideas or institutions. He did not impress the world as keenly intellectual, and he himself gives no doubt the true reason for this. "In every circle," he says, "there are apt to appear some persons of great influence and great attractiveness, of whom you never think as being specially intellectual. If any one calls them intellectual, it startles you; but as you think about your wonder, you discover that it does not come from an absence of the intellectual life in those who are thus spoken of, but from the fact that the intellectual part of them is so blended and lost in the rounded and symmetrical unity of their life that you have never been led to think of it by itself." [Influence of Jesus, page 222.] So it was certainly with Phillips Brooks. The strength and sweetness of his affections still cling to the letters of which his biographer prints a very large number. He was a great lover of children, and children everywhere loved him. He had a keen and at times even boisterous humor, which he made use of as a defense to keep the secret thoughts of his heart from being intruded upon. Sometimes it accompanied him almost to the door of the pulpit, but there it was left behind. He often put his thoughts and feelings into verse form. One of his hymns, "O Little Town of Bethlehem," is now in many hymn-books, and is likely to survive as long as anything he wrote.

I know not how to speak at all adequately of the special influence which Phillips Brooks, thus constituted, brought to bear upon the somewhat cool and critical religious temper of Boston. Perhaps it can best be expressed by saying that he brought it into contact with the almost tropical fervor of his own nature, and so made it to glow with an inner fire that it had hardly known before. There can be no doubt that Phillips Brooks was himself changed by his new environment. If he gave it warmth, it gave him breadth. If he had been more purely a thinker it would have changed him even more. He was, from the very first, far from the type of evangelical clergyman that the church which he served was then producing. And in the Boston years his liberalism grew until at length it seemed as if the Episcopal church could not widen

out enough to hold him. Many have been inclined to think that he was a Unitarian, and one of the services for which we have to thank Professor Allen is for his showing us so convincingly that he was not. He never came to know precisely what Unitarianism is. The whole scheme of his thought grew out of his childhood's teaching in the Episcopal prayer-book. He never got away from this, though he grafted onto it, chiefly from the influence of Jesus within him, certain broader conceptions which if logically developed would have crowded out some of the antique survivals and absurdities of the catechism and creeds and articles of belief to which he clung. He framed his own philosophy upon the basis of his early training and his life experience. It owed but little to modern scientific thought, or to the profounder spirit of the world's great philosophers. Their books he seldom read. His favorite authors were of the second or some lower order of minds, like Robertson and Maurice, but of great and passionate humanity like his own. And most of all, like the beloved disciple of the gospel, he leaned upon the heart of Christ.

He never thought out thoroughly his ideas of Christ or salvation or immortality. He speaks of these things almost wholly by figure or in parable, following close upon the New Testament model. When he preaches about the Trinity he calls his sermon "The Mystery of Light," and a beautiful mystery it is, only its light is too confusing to help any one to the belief unless he already has it. So when he would convince us of the deity of Christ, he cries, "Believe it, and you will come to know that it is." His pictures of heaven are always composed out of the symbolism in the Book of Revelation. He seems to speak of actual golden streets and a great white throne, with the angels round about. But in it all sounds the undying song of hopes that cannot be expressed in human words. It is simply poetry. The preacher is a poet, seeking to give you through the sensuous form the pure spirit of his thought. How far he was simply a poet, and how far he was held back from thinking down into the deeper problems of what we call theology, one cannot tell. We are almost shocked to find that he never gave up believing in a personal devil, and did not seem to feel the incongruity of this with the very strongest and most constant of his faiths, that in the fatherhood of God.

Professor Allen has much to say of his contributions to the theological thinking of his time. He did no doubt face resolutely the disintegrating tendencies of science, which many thought were crumbling the temple of religion to the ground. But his specific for doubt was not so much clearer thought, as it was better life. He lifted men to moral resolution which made them ashamed of their doubts and fears. If he could not clear away for them all the mysteries, he could and did set before them their own life in its divine possibility of perfection, which he not only preached, but aspired to, and in large measure attained before their eyes. He helped theology and religion by making them human and personal and urgent in their demands upon men's souls. He himself was a great dynamo of spiritual power. This is why his influence abides—not in books, although some of it may be found there,—but in the lives he touched and searched and uplifted. So hidden and yet pervasive is the influence of the true preacher that though he has long been dead, and the few books he left are not often taken from the shelves, yet men in the market-place and the shop and the store and the lecture-room and the pulpit—men everywhere—will stop if his name is spoken and say within themselves, "He helped me to be a man!" That is the great, the enduring, the inestimable service of the preacher. He sends his word forth and cannot himself see the course it takes. But it goes on growing in human lives, the most fruitful of all seeds in the richest of all soils, and realizes good beyond his hope, and after his lips that spoke and his brain that thought it lie moldering into dust.

I must pass by, with a bare mention, the few outward changes in Phillips Brooks's crowded years in Boston. In the great fire of 1872, the old Trinity church, on Summer street, now the heart of the business district, was destroyed. The congregation began at once to build, with the help of their minister and the architect Richardson, the new Trinity Church on Copley Square, which is one of the chief architectural glories of the city, and, indeed, of all America. It was a great day for Phillips Brooks when the new church was consecrated, free from debt.

Meanwhile for many months the services of Trinity church were held in Huntington Hall, where the Lowell lectures are now given. The strangeness and even barrenness of his surroundings seemed to react upon the preacher, leading him to adorn and beautify his sermons with all richness of appeal to the emotional and aesthetic as well as the intellectual nature of his hearers. His power and fame grew and spread far beyond New England. Men of note from the old world made a point of hearing him when they visited Boston. His services began now to be more widely sought, and he did not know how to refuse. He gave in 1877 the Lyman Beecher "Lectures on Preaching," at Yale College. Of these I would gladly speak at length, as they seem to me to contain some of his most perfect work. They are of especial interest as a full and free revelation of himself, of his ideals as a preacher and pastor, and in less degree of his methods of work. The Bohlen Lectures on "The Influence of Jesus," given in his former church in Philadelphia in 1879, have also in them much of this autobiographical quality. They give an interpretation of Jesus which is peculiarly Phillips Brooks's own, and which illustrates all of his breadth of religious thought and depth of insight into the human soul. With the addition of the eight volumes of his printed sermons and a volume of "Essays and Addresses," these two volumes of lectures and a small but precious one on "Tolerance," comprise his principal published works.

In 1881 Phillips Brooks was called to the position of preacher and professor of Christian morals in Harvard University. It is a striking testimony to his sustained interest in education and in college life that he seriously thought of accepting. The struggle that went on within him, while letters urging both sides of the question poured in upon him by hundreds, lets us see a little way into the lurking tragedy of his career. The fact was that this man, seemingly floating along on such a tide of success as few have ever known, felt within himself that he was sinking. For years he had been giving out faster than he could take in, and the drain even upon powers like his had become enormous. The college work would give him the opportunity for study that he had been denied by the exigencies of his more public position. He was only forty-five, and there might yet be time for marriage and the home ties that the close pressure of a host of friends and a continuous stream of engagements had shut away from him. But it was not to be. The appeal of Trinity church prevailed, and he gladly bent himself again to the harness, never to be wholly free, except for one delightful year in Europe and India, until it dropped from him in a night and brought the full release.

The long row of his portraits, which make the chief ornament of Professor Allen's volumes, tells this story of his self-dedication more eloquently than words can tell it. We see the college boy with the deep eyes, which were always his most striking feature, but as yet lacking the great tenderness and glorious strength that grew to fill them. Then comes the young minis-

ter, in Philadelphia, and later in Boston, firm and well-poised and confident, but not yet chastened by the experiences that came into the later years. Then follows the noble group of portraits standing about his fiftieth year. The lines have deepened now, and the sense of power is sunk in the passion to serve while the day lasts. Finally, we have the picture taken in England, when he was fifty-six. His noble and sensitive spirit had suffered intensely from the opposition that developed to his election as bishop—opposition that burned into him not because he wanted the office so much, but because he wanted his church to be big enough to give it to him. It is an old man's face, pinched by suffering within, stern with the sternness of Dante after his years of banishment, yet with hope unquenched still glowing in the eyes. The pictures tremendously enforce the story of the book. They show how in the midst of the plaudits of the multitude his solitary soul was setting itself day by day to face its Jerusalem and its cross.

I cannot say more about his election to the bishopric. It came about from a universal demand, as soon as his predecessor had died. It was most bitterly opposed—how bitterly Professor Allen only hints—by a few churchmen, who thought him too lax in his theology to deserve the office. Technically they may have been in the right, but it was well for the Episcopal Church in this country that their effort failed. Years before, Phillips Brooks had invited a number of Unitarian ministers—James Freeman Clarke and George E. Ellis among them, to the communion table in Trinity church on the day of its consecration. When the former, who was one of the saints of our household of faith, died after a long and devoted service in Boston, Phillips Brooks in the course of a sermon at Trinity paid a generous tribute to his memory. Once or twice, on Good Friday, he united in the evening service at the Old South church in Boston with other ministers, among whom the Unitarian, Brooke Herford, one of the truest men and most faithful Christians that ever lived. These, and some indistinctness in his preaching upon doubtful question of theology, formed the basis of the objections. But they were overruled by the majority of the bishops and the services of consecration soon followed.

The fifteen closing months of Phillips Brooks' life were spent in such a rush of work that they would be the despair of any bishop who should set them up as a standard. His nearer friends saw whither he was going, but neither warning nor appeal could stop him now. He was making the final offering of himself. I heard him a few times at perhaps the very climax of his power, when he spoke those great addresses to business men at St. Paul's in Boston, which were events of the deepest significance to those who heard them. He stood in the little round pulpit raised but slightly above the sea of faces. The fact that only men were present made it seem more like a political meeting than a church service, except for the profound solemnity that ruled in every soul, caught from his own. No report could hold the passionate earnestness of his speech and the straining eagerness of his appeal, as he bade the host before him to "Be men—be men in Christ Jesus!" And when, after the last address, he broke out spontaneously into prayer, it seemed as though he opened windows in his soul, and light and air from heaven streamed in to bathe and bless and sanctify our lives. He died quite suddenly, after a few days of not serious illness, in January, 1893, when he was fifty-seven years old. The funeral was such an occasion as Boston never knew before. The church was filled by the noblest and greatest in our land. But outside, in the vast square, stood the people whom he loved,—thousands upon thousands whom no man counted, paying the tribute of their reverence to him who had taught them to revere themselves and the life which they had received from God. It is all quite simply and beautifully told in the biography. The dead bishop was carried through the Harvard College yard, while the whole college stood around with bared heads and subdued hearts, in honor of him who had brought such honor and such fame to Harvard. He was laid beside his father and mother in Mount Auburn, where flowers are always lying on his grave. Here today, in deep love and thankfulness, we lay a simple wreath upon it. He is not dead, but speaketh through the lives everywhere that he inspired. Given the greatest gifts, he used them to their natural and divine increase. Long ago he has entered into the joy of his Lord!

Higher Living. XI.

O small beginnings ye are great and strong,
Based on a faithful heart and weariless brain!
Ye build the future fair, ye conquer wrong,
Ye earn the crown, and wear it not in vain.
—*Lowell.*

The presence of these children in the rooms is a constant importunity for the outspoken, not the silent, sort of love. Children bare of kisses seem as cold as children bare of love.
—*Gannett.*

The blissful development of the human being which leads to perfection and completion, and the fitting lines for the attainment of his destiny and thus for the attainment by effort of the genuine joy and true peace of life, depend alone on the correct comprehension of man, even as a child, in respect to his nature as well as his relations. —*Froebel.*

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When, however, for sufficient reasons, the mother cannot properly perform, or direct herself; when, as in certain instances, her constitution or health really forbids it; or when, as in so many other instances, the mother in the poor home must work so hard that she is more or less unfitted, or has not the time, to either properly care for her child or to learn how to do this; or when, again, we venture to say, the mother is so ignorant of her duties that she may be truly considered dangerous to the child's health and life and cannot or will not take the trouble to improve—in each of these cases must the question of substitutional nurture and care be considered as affording the next best thing for the child.

But what perplexities do we encounter in any attempt to consider this. What the child needs is a mother—not a nurse; needs her, not only for physical sustenance, but for the spiritual life, which, from every true mother's caress and tone, flows into the receptive "soft miniature," in bounteous measure. That, therefore, every care should be exercised in the choice of a substitute, that nothing predominatingly selfish should be allowed to interfere with securing the best possible one to be obtained, is the truism both of humanity and of science. That, also, the mother, instead of but affording little more than a daily visit to the nursery, should be a veritable constituent of it, even more assiduously than if she sustained the more vital relation, is evidenced by experience everywhere. In no sense should the nurse be allowed to take the place of anything like a normal mother. Yet, undoubtedly, she should be permitted to fill the place of a most important auxiliary; should be considered a friend in need, and be rewarded according to her importance as such.

Obviously in the choice of such a close companion of infancy, health should take precedence. She should certainly have a body in which neither tubercle nor syphilis, nor thin poisoned blood, nor defective assimilation, nor insufficient excretion can be found; and a mind likewise, in which passionate explosion, or habitual moodiness, or too marked caprice abide not. In fact, nothing less than a well bodied, well blended,

healthy, joyous, even minded, youngerly woman should be the standard sought to be realized, so far as possible. Extra wages, extra attention, self-sacrifice, almost anything should be, if necessary, awarded the one who comes up to this standard unmistakably. Then, also, it is becoming evident that something more than full, even healthy, breasts are needed for the infant being. The woman auxiliary should, if possible, have had the importance of her calling duly impressed upon her and all its details clarified by a course of instruction in infant physiology, infant psychology, and probably best of all, in Froebel's "mother play," where the true dignity of child nature and its nurture is so sympathetically and so intelligently set forth. Parents, if able, and communities at large, being able, could always well afford to demand such a preparation for the nursery, even from the narrowest economic point of view; and when we consider the child itself, it is not possible to calculate the benefit that would accrue from such a course, nor to evade the ethical imperative implied.

When, therefore, the home resources do not admit of the employment of a proper mother substitute, it should become the business of someone who can afford it to see that, in some practical way, this be done. Wealth in abundance, these days, goes into every sort of showy philanthropy, and has its monuments erected, that due admiration may not fail in due season. If we say that this is well, how much better, how much more worthy of monumental notice, might we say it to be, were other wealth to quietly, yet adequately, provide for the proper care of infants, in the homes where the struggle for subsistence is so wearing that necessarily they must suffer not only from what is not done, but as well from even what is attempted to be done. It certainly is comforting to know that, in this respect, a beginning has, in some places, already been made. And what better philanthropy, what more needed, what more Christ-like, what more imperative benevolence, than that wealthy people everywhere bestir themselves to seek out such conditions and from their full spirit and purse provide for these soft waiflings of the world in just this, the best possible way.

And, too, let the same philanthropic wealth go one step further and do for the poor what ought to be done for every expectant mother, namely: provide, if possible, for her temporary removal from the noise and crowding and vitiated atmosphere of the city, to the quiet and healthfulness of the country. No one has yet estimated the influence of paved streets, and shrieking whistles, and clanging bells, and leaking sewers and gas pipes, and all the rest of the so common municipal confusion and danger, upon the impressional mother and her so rapidly forming child. When we do we will not only hasten to afford them both another and more wholesome environment, but we will then find that we can consider the cost as simply money actually saved from expenditure and loss which, later on, would come from inefficient nerves and fragile constitutions. And then, when the trial hour is over, and the mother has returned to her usual duties, how much better that competent enterprise again step in, in order to minister to and help her in her own home, with her own family around her, than that so exclusive attention be given to the founding and care of institutions, which must, necessarily, separate the mother and child and thus remove the latter from its natural environment. Children in institutions, with much better care than so many poor homes can give them, are found nevertheless to actually wilt and wither and die to a disproportionate extent, simply because the institution is not a home and has not the parent spirit in it. What God hath joined together let man, so far as possible, keep together—even though, if need be, at greatly multiplied expense and trouble.

To this very desirable higher ethical end, then, let wealth go forth; let unused sentiment go forth; let education and skill go forth; let victims of ennui and surfeit go forth; not, however, in the repelling spirit of patronage and at distances dictated by conventionality or stinginess, but with the Christ-hand, close-clasping, if need be, poverty and squalor, and ignorance, yes, and vice to the Christ-heart; and in such a friendly yet intelligent manner, that parenthood everywhere shall be made to rejoice and struggle on, and finally conquer, as it always should, and nevermore be left in doubt and decadence and defect as it now is. Sir Launfal and many of his fellow grail-seekers are needed at the very next door neighbors.

SMITH BAKER.

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Love, wheresoever it appears, is in its measure a law-making power.

MON.—There is a healthy condition of the mind which issues of necessity in right action.

TUES.—To the duty of not doing harm, add the duty of doing good.

WED.—Principles last forever, but special rules pass away with the things and conditions to which they refer.

THURS.—Be governed by the principle of humanity, and obey as freemen, not as slaves.

FRI.—It is commonly by love itself that men learn the sacredness of love.

SAT.—Who is the humble man? It is he who resists with special watchfulness and success the temptations which the conditions of his life may offer to exaggerate his own importance.

—*Ecce Homo.*

Beginning.

There's joy in the household
Intense and complete,
For the baby has found
He can stand on his feet.

Oh dear little pilgrim,
The long, weary way,
On the hard road of life
You have started today.

May tenderest angels
Watch over the feet
Until they can safely
The Journey complete.

—*The Myrtle.*

Hot Weather Notes.

Children are of more importance than their food and clothes. Every mother admits the fact when called upon to express her opinion, however much she may, at times, act as if this were not the case; and if there is one time more than another when this ought to be borne in mind and the conduct shaped accordingly, it is during the hot summer weather.

Do nothing but the most necessary things while the extreme heat lasts, and save what strength you have for the children. Rest and fan them. Bathe the little hot faces and hands and the restless dimpled feet. A quiet story out under the trees in the shade will be worth far more to them and you, now and in its after effects, than another jar of marmalade or a few extra stitches on the little gown. Be unusually patient, for their sakes and your own. As far as possible avoid all irritation. With your larger vision you can foresee and forestall many a struggle. It is surely the best way and also the easiest.

Fancy, if you can, anything that will add more to the heat and discomfort of a sultry midsummer day than the struggles of an impatient, unreasonable

mother with a tired, wilful child. By tact and foresight anticipate and prevent it as often as possible, always,—but especially during dog days. Sometimes so simple a thing as a glass of lemonade will turn the tables. Quite small children can be helped to forget themselves and their uncomfortable feelings in some loving service. An older child will often take the little brothers or sisters out under the trees and entertain them with tact and patience that might shame her elders, so that mamma and the baby may have a nap.

Some trifling task that is of use or interest for young or old is better than idleness on a hot day; any little easy thing that occupies the hands and mind to take the place of simply trying to keep cool when the thermometer says that is impossible. Break over the cast iron rules a little now and then. Let it be your act, not theirs, for the sake of discipline, but if the children's rooms are especially sultry at bed-time, keep them awake a little after the clock points to the well-known hour. Then go up with them, and sit by the bedside helping them to get to sleep quietly and quickly, by the soothing of your presence. No matter if they have learned to go to bed alone; a little thoughtful indulgence will not disturb the ordinary regular habits if you offer it before the tired little ones get unnecessarily peevish and fretful and seem to be humored because they are cross and cry.

It takes time, of course, but, as a motherly old lady once asked me, "What better can you do with your time?" The fact is, however, as I know from experience, that it is usually a saving of time, strength and nervous tension. But if that were not the case, is not the object worth the effort?

"Nothing great is lightly won;
Nothing won is lost;
Every good deed nobly done,
Will repay the cost."

GAZELLE STEVENS SHARP.

Neddy's Long Word.

"Remember, Neddy," said mother one day, "always to accommodate everyone that you can."

"Yes'm," said Neddy, heartily, "I will." Mother felt sure he would, for Neddy is one of the very best boys you ever saw to remember things.

The next day Mrs. Camp called to him as he was running down the street. "Neddy, Neddy! come here a minute, please."

Neddy heard her and stopped, though he didn't much want to. He was going over on Wilson Pond and was in a great hurry; but he went up to the door where Mrs. Camp was standing and pulled off his cap with a polite little bow, which pleased the lady very much.

"Will you run down to the store for me, dear?" she asked. "I want a spool of twist and I have no one to send."

Neddy's eyes closed up the least bit in the world, but Mrs. Camp was looking in her purse for the right change and didn't notice; and, before she found it, the bright sun of good nature was shining again in Neddy's eyes and he answered, "Yes'm," as cheerfully as could be.

It didn't take long, after all. The store was not a great way off and there were no other customers; and Neddy in less than five minutes was back with the spool of twist.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Camp, smiling at him. Then she took a bright new dime from her purse. "Here is something for you to buy peanuts with," said she, kindly; "and I'm very much obliged, besides."

But Neddy shook his head at the dime, though he likes peanuts as well as maple sugar, which is saying a good deal.

"You're as welcome as can be," said he; "but I can't take pay for going, Mrs. Camp, 'cause, you know, mother tells me always to a—bominate everyone I can!"

Didn't Mrs. Camp laugh! She couldn't help it, though she tried so hard that she choked and frightened Neddy, who could not think what the trouble was.

"Bless your dear heart!" said she, as soon as she could speak. Then she went to the corner closet and took out a little pyramid of maple sugar—more than Neddy could have bought at the store with two dimes. "There," said she, "I know you like sap sugar, don't you? And this isn't pay; it's a present."

"Oh, thank you!" cried Neddy, eagerly. "I'll go right home and show it to mother!"

So he did; and Mrs. Camp sat down by her window and laughed and laughed. "Bless his dear little manly heart!" said she.—*Exchange.*

Place the Button in the Right Place.

Mrs. McLean, a young Scotch mother, decidedly deficient in government, had great trouble to keep her two-year-old boy from running into the streets of the village. The little woman was greatly terrified lest her robust son should be trampled by horses on some of his forbidden excursions.

She had just returned from an exhausting run after him and was closing the front yard gate when the old teamster, Donald McTavish, a good home disciplinarian, by the way, drove along on his way home.

"Oh, dear," said the little woman, "I have such a time to keep this boy out of the streets. I am discouraged. What shall I do, Mr. McTavish?"

"What have ye been doing, Mrs. McLean?"

"Oh, I first buttoned the gate, but he soon found out how to open it. I put the button higher out of his reach and in a day or two he found how to climb up to it. I hid the box he climbed up on and he found another. I then put the button as high up as it would go on the fence, and now he gets a stick and opens the gate. What shall I do?"

"Ah, my leddy, ye dinna know how to do it. Put the button on the boy," replied the old Scotchman.—*Selected.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Hymn.

Tune.—"Battle Hymn of the Republic," (with or without hallelujah chorus).

We hear the trumpet sounding and we'll rally to the fore,
We'll march beneath the standard that our Elder Brother bore,
We'll bear to all the Gospel as 'twas never borne before,
For Truth is marching on!

We'll wear no mailed armor and we'll draw no fiery sword,
We'll climb no Sinai's summit to hear the Holy Word,
We'll build no costly temples nor face us Zionward,
For Truth is marching on!

We'll burst in twain the fetters, we'll throw away the creeds,
We'll heap our holy altars with naught but holy deeds,
We'll make mankind our brother and share his many needs,
For Truth is marching on!

We'll make the world our mission, we'll do away with strife,
We'll triumph over error without the bloody knife,
We'll welcome ev'ry nation and ev'ry walk of life,
For Truth is marching on!

We'll open wide our windows to let the glory in,
We'll strengthen our defenses 'gainst ev'ry form of sin,
We'll keep our banner floating and pray for help to win,
For Truth is marching on!

We'll seek the Holy Spirit, whose emblem is the dove,
We'll raise our glad hosannas to echo those above,
We'll raise the torch of Freedom, and live the law of love,
For Truth is marching on!

SARAH E. SPRAGUE.

CHICAGO.—The study of classes of All Souls Church celebrated their annual closing reunion in an unique way last Monday evening. The four study sections, Novel, Philosophy, Browning and Emerson brought together a goodly company—some 200 in all. The last year's work, which consisted in a study of Victor Hugo's "Ninety-Three," Tolstoy's "What to Do," Browning's "Paracelsus" and Emerson's Essays, First Series, suggested an interesting stereopticon review, a contrast study of "War and Peace" as presented by the great masters. Seventy-five slides were used and they told their own story in beauty and in power. The war scenes of Vereschagin, Detaille and others presented a grim contrast to the serene beauty of Corot, Millet, Vicat Cole and others. Greenwich observatory was put over against an execution in Morro Castle and the Congressional Library building against the Oregon, the relative cost and the relative service of each being perviously suggested. The grim face of Bismark, the great bulldog of modern history, was relieved by the benignant humanity that gathers like a halo around the face of Lyof Tolstoy. After the pictures a brief summary of the work of the season was given that showed that the classes have been unusually well attended during the year and the interest sustained throughout. Plans for next year were determined upon. The novel section will devote itself to the mountainous work of Tolstoy, "Peace and War." The philosophy section with Ruskin letters to working men in Fors Clavigera. The Emerson section graciously but reluctantlp retired their plans for next year so that they might join with the Browning in a double program the whole winter through to be given to a careful study of "The Ring and the Book," the interest in which promises to be so great that in order to accommodate all who wish to attend the section double sessions will be held—day and evening weekly classes.

Foreign Notes.

AGRICULTURE FOR WOMEN.—The agricultural courses for women given last summer in St. Petersburg led to such good results that it is the intention to repeat them and to arrange for them in several other Russian cities. At Moscow a permanent agricultural institute for women has recently been founded.—*Le Signal (Geneva.)*

EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.—The Evangelical Alliance will hold its next international conference in Hamburg in the summer of 1902. A preparatory meeting was held in that city March 20, at which Count de Bernstorff, president of the German branch of the Alliance, and the Rev. J. C. Astor, chairman of the Hamburg committee, outlined their plans for the Conference and sought the co-operation of the local pastors and prominent Christians of different denominations.—*Semaine Religieuse (Geneva.)*

A DISTINGUISHED JAPANESE.—Mr. Yukichi Fukuzarva, who recently died at the age of 67, though he never held any official position, played a large part in that marvelous transformation which has made Japan a modern state and given her no inconsiderable place in the ranks of civilized nations. He was one of the first among his compatriots to appreciate the superiority of western civilization, and wished to study it at close range. He studied Dutch and later English, and visited America and Europe. Then he started, forty years ago, a modest little school, which has developed into the great university called *Keis*. He understood the importance of the press as well as that of the school and founded *Firi Shimpo*, or the *Times*, which today is unquestionably the foremost Japanese newspaper. He published a number of scholarly works, organized a multitude of clubs, educational societies, etc., etc. In short, as educator and as moralist, he contributed more, perhaps, than any other one person to the happy transformation of his country, and while he was still among them his gratified compatriots erected a statue in his honor.—*Le Protestant (Paris).*

SCHOLARSHIP FOR NATIVES OF TRAVANCORE.—The Maharaja of Travancore has founded two scholarships open to natives of Travancore who are Bachelors of Art of the Madras or any other university. The scholarships are intended to enable the holders to proceed to Europe or America to study geology, mineralogy, mechanical engineering, agricultural chemistry, or any other industrial or technical subject. The successful candidates will be given all traveling expenses and will be allowed, during their stay in Europe or America, a sum of £200 per annum, payable quarterly in advance. The object of these scholarships is to encourage technical education.—*Indian Messenger (Calcutta).*

HOPES TO SEE WOMEN ON JUDGES' BENCH.—The *Indian Messenger* calls attention to the welcome given by a French judge to the first woman advocate to plead before him. Mlle. Chauvin, the first woman advocate in France, was graduated in law some three or four yeas ago; but as there was no precedent for women pleading in court, she could not make her appearance at the bar till a special law admitting women as advocates had been passed. While this act was before the legislature a man accused before the court of Chateau Thierry insisted on waiting for his trial until Mlle. Chauvin could defend him. Whether he was actuated by purely chivalrous or by other motives we are not told, nor whether he was kept in custody until the lady was in a position to defend him. When the case came up for trial with Mlle. Chauvin as advocate for the accused, the judge before whom she was to plead addressed her as follows: "Madame, the Women Barrister's Act has not been received with equal enthusiasm by all your male colleagues. The Court of Chateau Thierry has rejoiced over it, and will always rejoice with all its heart at every measure calculated to emancipate women. I hope and trust that the day is not distant when an act will be passed enabling women to sit on the judges' bench. I am happy to welcome the first lady barrister to appear at this bar, who graces her calling by her intelligence, knowledge of law and talent." Mlle. Chauvin warmly thanked the judge and replied: "Your welcome will not surprise those who are acquainted with the presiding judge of Chateau Thierry, with his love of equity and his generous ideals."—M. E. H.

San Francisco, 1901.

On acount of the fifth international convention of the Epworth League at San Francisco in July, the Southern Pacific Company and its connections will sell exceedingly low rate round trip tickets. In fact, tickets will be sold from the East for the round trip to San Francisco at rates much less than the normal one-way fare, and further, they can be purchased to read westware via any of the Southern Pacific's three routes—Sunset, Ogden or Shasta—returning via the same or either of the others.

These low rate round trip tickets will be on sale daily, July 6th to 13th, inclusive, and will be good for return until August 31st, permitting stopovers at all points of interest, en route, both going and returning.

The Southern Pacific Company and its connections operate through sleeping car lines from various eastern points.

Information relative to the rates, routes and through service will be cheerfully furnished by W. G. Neimyer, G. W. A., S. P. Co., 238 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

TOWER HILL SUMMER SCHOOL

...FOR 1901...

JULY 14—AUGUST 18.

TWELFTH SEASON.

OUR AIM.—A school of rest. Recreation is not indolence, mental vacuity is not conducive to physical reconstruction. "Rest is not quitting the busy career,
Rest is the fitting of self to its sphere."

OUR METHODS.—No dress parade, no "social functions," as little haste and excitement as possible, early retirement, long sleeps, quiet reading of high books, intimacy with nature studied at short range, frank companionship in the realm of mind, temple uses of God's great cathedral, the holy out-of-doors.

OUR PROGRAM.—1. *Forenoons*, 10 a. m. *First Week*. Mr. Jones, Leader. A Search for the Classics in American Poetry, with side studies of recent anthologies, viz.: 1. Dialect. 2. Patriotic. 3. War. 4. Lincoln in Poetry. 5. Ballads and Lyrics. *Second Week*. Mr. Jones, Leader. Normal Class Work for Sunday School Teachers and Parents, an introduction to the New Testament, a map and blackboard study of the literary units arranged in their probable chronological order. *Third Week*. Miss Anne B. Mitchell, Leader. "A Study of the Nibelungen Lied in connection with a Musical and Literary Study of Wagner's Nibelungen Ring, illustrated with lantern and musical interpretations." *Fourth Week*, Mr. Jones, Leader. John Ruskin as a Sociological Prophet. *Fifth Week*. Mr. Jones, Leader. The Master Bards: Browning's "Paracelsus," with side studies in Emerson and Whitman.

II. *Afternoons*. Free and easy work in science, keeping as close as possible to local zoology, botany and geology. Professor L. S. Cheney, of the University of Wisconsin, "Trees and Flowers," Aug. 11-18; Professor W. S. Marshall, of the U. of W., "Insect Life;" Professor O. G. Libby and Chester Jones, "Birds;" Professor E. C. Perisho, "Local Geology;" Hon. R. L. Joiner, Forest Stories.

III. *Evenings*, three nights in the week, lectures, generally with stereopticon illustrations. The following already arranged for: C. N. Brown, Esq., of Madison, "The Boers;" Miss Hunt, of the U. of W., "Life in South Africa;" Dr. Libby has four dozen new bird slides; Mrs. George H. Kemp, Dodgeville, Wis., "The Ragged Schools of London, From Personal Observation." Mr. Jones will lecture on Lincoln and Tolstoy (illustrated).

IV. *Sundays*. Three double meetings, forenoon and afternoon. Basket dinners on alternate Sundays. July 14, Inauguration Day of the Summer School, educational and collegiate. July 28, Teachers' Day: "The Intellectual Inspirations of the Teacher," Miss Ellen C. Lloyd Jones, Hillside Home School; "The Moral Inspirations of the Teacher," Miss Cordelia Kirkland, of Chicago; Mrs. S. E. J. Sawyer, of Creston, Iowa, and others. August 11, The Annual Helena Valley Grove Meeting. A Congress of religion. Dr. E. G. Hirsch, of Chicago, is expected to give the afternoon sermon. Aug. 18, closing exercises of the Summer School. Afternoon sermon by Mr. Jones. On alternating Sundays Mr. Jones will give as Vesper Readings, Browning's "Saul," July 21, and Kipling's "McAndrew's Hymn," Aug. 4.

BUSINESS.—Registration: Fee, admitting the holder to all the classes and lectures during the five weeks, $5; family registration ticket, admitting all members of one family to the same, $7; evening lecture tickets to those not holding registration tickets, $1 for the season. As this is essentially a SCHOOL and not a SUMMER ENCAMPMENT its constituency is necessarily limited. Its value largely depends on continuous attendance and sustained interest. It is hoped that all who intend to profit by these studies will come prepared to stay through to avoid the fever and hurry that too often accompany the vacation guest. No reductions on above rates are arranged for, though reasonable adjustments are always possible. For prices for board, cottage rents, etc., see below.

OFFICERS.—President, Prof. O. G. Libby, Madison, Wis.; vice president, Thomas R. Lloyd Jones, Hartford, Wis.; secretary and treasurer, Mrs. Annie L. Kelly, 815 Chamber of Commerce, Chicago.

ADDITIONAL DIRECTORS.—Prof. E. C. Perisho, Plattville, Wis.; Prof. William S. Marshall, Madison, Wis.; Rev. L. J. Duncan, Milwaukee, Wis.; Miss Ellen C. Lloyd Jones, Hillside, Wis.; Prof. N. C. Ricker, Urbana, Ill.; Rev. Fred V. Hawley, Louisville, Ky.; Miss Cordelia Kirkland, Chicago; Miss Amalie Hofer, Chicago; Miss Rosalie Winkler, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. Mary H. Gooding, Chicago; Rev. Joseph Leiser, Sioux City, Iowa; Mr. W. B. Ingwersen, Chicago; Miss Emma Grant Saulsbury, Ridgely, Md.; Mr. Albert McArthur, Chicago.

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THE TOWER HILL SUMMER ENCAMPMENT.

This is open from July 1 to Sept. 18. It is beautifully located in the bluff regions of Wisconsin, the Berkshire Hills of the Mississippi Valley, overlooking the Wisconsin River, thirty-five miles from Madison, and three miles from Spring Green, a station on the Prairie du Chien Division of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway. Special summer rates, round trip from Chicago, $8.02.

Its equipment consists of a common dining hall, eight private cottages, two long-houses, with rooms to accommodate one or two, simply furnished; tents with board floors and furnishings; waterworks, pavilion, ice house, stables and garden. The cottages and long-house accommodations are limited. Applications should be made early. Tents can always be furnished on a few days' notice to accommodate visitors. Aside from the exercises of the Summer School noticed above there will be sunset vesper readings every Sunday evening throughout the summer not otherwise provided for; morning readings by Mr. Jones at Westhope Cottage from 11 to 12. A part of the time at these readings outside of the Summer School this year will be given to a search for the new poets—readings from Stephen Phillips, Moira O'Neill, Yeats, Ernest Rhys, Richard Hovey, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, William Vaughn Moody, etc., etc. Ruskin and Tolstoy will probably be the authors most often in hand this season.

The spirit indicated by the summer school program given above is interpretative of the season. Only those who like a quiet summer, who seek an escape from Society and its artificial demands, who know how to entertain themselves, who believe enough in plain living and high thinking to practically enjoy the regime, implied, had better come to Tower Hill. There are no "attractions" other than plenty of quiet and always beautiful out-of-doors, no attempts to entertain, no styles in dress, but much of the fellowship that is conducive to rest. Saturdays will be preserved sacredly to quiet, rest, bird walks, afternoon drives and sunset suppers under the tree. Informal dancing will always be in order, but there will be no "Dances" or "Social Functions." If possible, lights will be out and all in bed no later than 10 p. m.

PRICES. — Room in long-houses per week, $3, for the season of ten weeks, $20; tents, according to size, $—; board at the dining hall, $4 per week; buckboard fare between Spring Green and the encampment, 25 cents; trunks, 25 cents; board and care of horse and carriage, $10 per month. The Tower Hill buckboard is available to guests when not otherwise engaged for rides at the rate of 15 cents an hour for parties of five or more.

CHILDREN.—Miss Wynne Lackersteen, a graduate of the University of Chicago, and for several years an assistant in the University Elementary School, John Dewey, Principal, is prepared to take charge of a limited number of unattended children.

CLASSES in drawing and instruction in music can be arranged for if desired.

For further particulars address Mrs. Edith Lackersteen, 3939 Langley avenue, Chicago, up to June 30; after that, as below.

All mail, express and telegraph matter should be addressed to Spring Green, Wis., care of Tower Hill.

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